

THE HONOLULU TIMES

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patience with the bow; and the violin, the hardest of all instruments, means a steady job and a long one, to excel, so we must believe. Keep on Abel! And the bells will ring for you.

We were speaking the day a minute with Mr. A—who rushed in those Russians from Harbin, no sooner said than done; and all the planters will need to do in the future is simply to shout through the telephone, in a simple way: "Friend A—, please to hurry us up a few thousand more Harbins, eh?"

("How much will you pay?" says A—. When I work its no play, eh? How much pay for each day, I'm away?")

UNRESTRAINED DELIGHT.

We are glad to see that the Industrial for Girls is to have fine treats. We wish that might prove epidemic, and that treats and good times will be the fashion. And in order, for all our Institutions. No play (pleasure) makes not only Jack a dull boy, but really makes either old or young, even middle life, very "dull" (despondent).

Despondency, low spirits, leads to hopelessness and often, suicide.

Give them all a day's outing, to swim and fish, to cook on the beach, make coffee and chowder—and eat and laugh in earnest—dead earnest!

Let us have a heart big with loving sympathy for the unfortunate, even those who have really brought about their own unfortunate condition.

Never did our Blessed Lord say: "Why are you poor or sick or a maniac or blind or lame or?"—He healed them all. Be ye merciful even as—

We all know, that life at the best is hard, to the majority; the preacher, every preacher or priest knows that all too well. Only the few are rich; thousands are very poor—"not knowing which way to turn" indeed, and even willing to work, to one that is rich.

Thousands are very poor the world over to one that is rich. Now don't forget that simple axiom.

If there be "work for everyone," then many work at cross purposes in striving to get at it. That we know, also. To come down to bed-rock, all life is a mystery that the wisest man has failed to solve.

But we can be charitable and merciful.

Well, to-morrow is Sunday, Nov. 7.

("How pleasant is Saturday night when I've tried all the week, etc.)

Nov. 8. The paper says that Mr. A. will again leave for Harbin on the Siberia.

The mosquito is getting to be quite obstreperous, vociferous and entirely at home to all comers, night or day. It is time for a thorough mosquito hunt we should say.

"William Robinson, editor of a local newspaper, to be governor of New Mexico." (Nothing strange about that; strange if he couldn't be governor or even president; or any other editor, as to that.)

When women can vote, why we may be asked to become some officer with very large income. It will be fine times then.—)

Nov. 9. King Edward's birthday. His majesty was born 1841, ascended throne Jan. 22, 1901.

A lover and maker of peace. What greater praise could be given to the King! Respected and beloved the entire globe. And that is the man, King Edward VII.

Artist Wilder has a fine airy studio and we fancy we could paint there, too, if anywhere. But, that is only our fancy; and likely our fancies no one would fancy.

Such a day as this is at Waikiki! We desire to paint the hills, the sea and sky.

We are of the mind that Prince Kuhio is wise in turning again to Washington.

Postmaster Pratt may live to grow old in the same office. That is one charm of Great Britain; they retain a good servant to the end if can, and then provide for them when too infirm. But in America they seem to prefer 'prentice hands and to keep teaching beginners, in every office nearly.

A man however efficient can hardly look to be kept in for any

number of years. Green always stands a chance if he has political influence.

"The Salvation Army Rescue Home." That is a good name and gives great promise.

The cow and hens will all be there.

Arbor Day. If four trees are planted for every one cut down, we shall prosper.

Card for the marriage of Violet Hopper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis William Damon, to Doctor Frank Lawrence Putnam on 23rd of November, at 8 o'clock in the evening, Central Union Church.

Friday, Nov. 12.—

The Advertiser was rather uncommonly readable this morning; but, we shall look for slim diet to-morrow.

Even in Mr. Smith's time we turned the Saturday over with a groan, he likely thought too much about Sunday outfit; and so, he often fell down on the last day of the week. (It was a tiresome ending.)

Monday issue however generally was readable (the shipping news) because the editor Mister Pro Tem had a slap at it on no other day and so naturally he tried to leave his mark. We don't quite know the rules that abound just at present.

Nov. 15. The Siberia brings very few tourists today but takes away one of our most famous—a citizen of credit and renown—to meet only a cold reception in the Czar's land.

We spend a few minutes of our precious time every single day looking in at Coyne's fine chairs and writing desks, that we know well we cannot buy; and Mrs. Taylor's flower window takes our mind far afield from this otherwise sordid, money-getting-grabbing-ungrateful world, where so many seem to forget God in their quest for Gold.

And that calls to mind again, how few men go to church! We did not count but it verily seemed to us yesterday that there were in this Honolulu 200 women to one man in the places of worship. Look at them as they pour out.

(It left a startling effect: "I have never seen this man in church," said a clergyman quietly, looking down on the casket in the